

## The Evening World

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## NO MORE STILT ROADS.



The elevated bridge-loop project is again rearing its head.

According to the agitating committee behind it, in which ex-Borough President Littleton is prominent, either the city must consent to an elevated connecting line between the East River bridge terminals or go without.

The "fatal defect" of an underground connection, they assert, is that the cars of the Brooklyn Rapid Transit are too lightly built for subway traffic, while steel cars would endanger the road's elevated structure. Thus to benefit the Brooklyn company the city is asked to return to the noisy, ugly and obstructive transit methods of a quarter of a century ago. It is asked to condemn miles of populous streets to the conditions of darkness and desolation in Allen street.

The project is preposterous. The lesson of the Subway has been learned once for all. Let the Brooklyn road replace its antiquated rolling stock with new and prop up its infirm roadway. An underground loop line is perfectly feasible, and the flimsy equipment of an operating company the least of the arguments against it.

Nor is any countenance to be given the Central's original plan of a four-track elevated road along the river front between Seventy-second street and Spuyten Duyvil. To make the Eleventh avenue death tracks safe was one thing. To disfigure a beautiful park district in doing so and to give the road a new double-track franchise as a bonus is quite another matter.

The present proposal to roof the tracks over with glass and steel has much to commend it. On a proposition of that nature a request for additional track room could be reasonably entertained.

## A STEP BACKWARD.

What bias decided the Aldermen to refuse to name the new Williamsburg park after Senator Pat McCarren?

Was it jealousy? Was it failure to see the figure of the Brooklyn statesman in the true perspective? Here was a chance to relieve the dull monotony of park nomenclature with a name to which the interest of personality attached—to put a McCarren Park amid a waste of Sunsets, Prospects, Highlands, Forests, Crotonas, Riversides, &c. Instead the public gets a characterless Greenpoint park. The act of the Board also awakens fears for the fate of the McLaughlin Park project in the Fifth Ward. Will the memory of this other favorite son of Brooklyn be treated with similar contumely?

The effect of the decision will be felt adversely in Manhattan, also, where the precedent of a McCarren Park might have prepared the way for a Murphy parkway, a Van Wyck plaza, or a Croker square. The city has been niggardly in the bestowal of such memorial honors on its illustrious citizens. The Brooklyn plan furnished an opportunity for correcting past mistakes which the Aldermen have inconsiderately rejected.

## Plain as Day.

By Maurice Ketten



## How to Write Love Letters.

LOVE MUST come from the heart. Some people treat love as if it came from the FEET.

The tone of a love letter should be modulated according to your anticipations. If you expect to be sued for breach of promise you should show MAIDENLY RESERVE. But if you expect to LAND him make it clear that you will DIE if he does not call on Sunday evening.

Personally we have always used a typewriter in inditing our love messages. It is hard to identify typewriting if it becomes a case of "Lovers once but strangers now."

As a general suggestion we would advise against courting in the open in Hempstead. The mosquitoes are very bad there in the spring.

## HOT GROUNDERS BY BARNES

A Water-Wagon Sermon.

ONCE there was a mighty batter Who had chronic elbow-crook. And one day he faced a pitcher With an alcoholic look. Quickly, then, the crafty twirler, Right there in the sight of all, Hurled with mighty, swift precision, Toward the plate, one curving

O (Twere a sin to name this batter. For the folks at home might talk. Which would surely start old Trouble Coming faster than a walk.) To resume his heart beat faster— 'Twas a time when duty calls— Then he stared in dull amazement At what surely were

All alike they floated at him. As the birds in springtime flit. "Hully gee!" he muttered hoarsely. "Which on 'em I try to hit?" In despair he chose the right one; Bing! he smote it in the face! But his bat, with cruel power, Cleft in twain a piece of

There's a moral in this story— You can read it down below— (It is best to have a moral Till the very last, you know) 'Twas the game that mighty batter Picked 'em wrong—each try a miss— And his team was sadly beaten By eleven runs to this.

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## The Helmet of Navarre by Bertha Runkle

Author of "THE TRUTH ABOUT TOLNA."

of Mayenne and of Lucas that we had forgotten the governor and his preposterous warrant.

They led us into the Rue de l'Evêque, where was waiting the same black coach that had stood before the Ole d'Or, the same Louis on the box. Its lamps were lighted; by their glimmer our captors for the first time saw us fairly.

"Why, captain," cried the man at M. Etienne's elbow, "this is not Comte de Mar! The Comte de Mar is fair-haired; I've seen him scores of times." "The Comte de Mar answers to the name of Etienne, and so does this fellow," the captain answered. He took the candle from one of the lamps and held it in M. Etienne's face. Then he put out a sudden hand and pulled the wig off.

"Good for you, captain!" cried the men. We were indeed unfortunate to encounter an officer with brains.

"We'll take your gag off too, M. le Comte, in the coach," the captain told him.

"Will you bring the lass along, captain?" "Not exactly," the leader laughed. "A fine prison it would be could a felon have his bonnet at his side. No, I'll leave the maid; but she needn't give the alarm yet. Do you stay awhile with her."

"Estrange; you'll not mind the job. Keep her a quarter of an hour, and then let her go her ways." They bundled my lord into the coach, box and all, the captain and two men with him. The fourth clambered up beside Louis as he cracked his whip and rattled smartly down the street.

My guardian stole a frowning arm around my waist and marched me down the quiet lane between the garden walls. He was clutching my right wrist, but my left hand was free, and I fumbled at my gag. In the middle of the deserted lane he halted. "Now, my beauty, if you be good I'll take that stopper off. But if you make a scream, by heaven, I'll be your last!"

I shook my head and squeezed his hand imploringly, while he, holding me tight in one sneaky arm, plucked left-handedly at the knot. I waited, meek as Griselda, till the gag was off, and then I let him have it. Volleing curses, I hammered him square in the eye.

It was a mad course, for he was armed. I not but instead of stabbing he dropped me like a hot coal, gasping in the blankest consternation: "Thousand devils! It's a boy!"

A second later, when he recollected himself, I was tearing down the lane.

I am a good runner, and then any one can run well when he runs for his life. Despite the wretched kirtle tying up my legs I gained on him, and when I had reached the corner of our house he dropped the pursuit and made off in the darkness. I ran full tilt round to the great gate below for the torch, to burst into roars of laughter at the sight of me. My wig was somewhere in the lane behind me. I knew me perfectly in my silly togger.

I leaped against the wall, helpless with laughing, shouting feebly to his comrades to come share the jest. I, you may well imagine, saw nothing funny about it, but kicked and shook the grilles in my rage and impatience. He did open to me at length and in I dashed, clannor for Vigo. He had appeared in the court by this, as also half a dozen of the guard, who surrounded me with shouts of astonished mockery; but I, little heeding, cried to the querry:

"Vigo, M. le Comte is arrested! He's in the Bastille!"

Vigo grasped my arm and lifted rather than led me in at the guard-room door, slamming it in the soldiers' faces.

"Now, Felix!" "M. Etienne!" I gasped—"M. Etienne is arrested! They were lying in wait for him at the back



He knew me perfectly in my silly togger.

of the house by the tower. They have taken him off in a coach to the Bastille."

"Who have?" "The governor's guard. You'll saddle and pursue? You'll rescue him?"

"How long ago?" "About ten minutes. The coach was standing in the Rue de l'Evêque. They left a man guarding me, but I broke away."

"It can't be done," Vigo said. "They'll be out of the quarter by now. If I could catch them at all it would be close by the Bastille. No good in that; no use fighting four regiments. What the devil are they arresting him for, Felix? I understand Mayenne wants his blood, but what has the city guard to do with it?"

"It's Lucas's game," I said. Then I remembered that we had not confided to him the tale of the first arrest. I went on to tell of the adventure of the Trois Lanternes, and, reflecting that he might better know just how the land lay with us, I made a clean breast of everything—the fight before Perou's house, the rescue, the rencontre in the tunnel, to-day's excursion and all that befell in the guard-room. I wound up with a second full account of our capture under the very walls of the

house, our garrotting before we could cry on the guards to save us. Vigo said nothing for some time; at length he delivered himself:

"Monsieur wouldn't have a patrol about the house. He wouldn't publish to the mob that he feared any danger whatever. Of course no one foresaw this. However, the arrest is the best thing could have happened."

"Vigo!" I gasped in horror. Was Vigo turned traitor? The solid earth reeled beneath my feet. "He'd never rest till he got himself killed," Vigo went on. "Monsieur's hot enough, but M. Etienne's mind to blind. If they hadn't caught him to-night he'd been in some worse pickle to-morrow; while, as it is, he's safe from swords at least."

"But they can murder as well in the Bastille as elsewhere!" I cried.

Vigo shook his head. "No; had they meant murder they'd have settled him here in the alley. Since they lugged him off unhurt they don't mean it. I know not what the devil they are up to, but it isn't that."

"It was Lucas's game in the first place," I repeated. "He's too prudent to come out in the open and fight M. Etienne. He never strikes with

his own hand; his way is to make some one else strike for him. So he gets M. Etienne into the Bastille. That's the first step. I suppose he thinks Mayenne will attend to the second."

"Mayenne dares not take the boy's life," Vigo answered. "He could have killed him an he chose in the streets, and nobody the wiser. But now that monsieur's taken publicly to the Bastille, Mayenne dares not kill him there, by foul play or by law—the Duke of St. Quentin's son. No; all Mayenne can do is to confine him at his good pleasure. Whence presently we will pluck him out at King Henry's good pleasure."

"And meantime is he to rot behind bars?" "Unless monsieur can get him out. But then,"

Vigo went on, "a month or two in a cell won't be a bad thing for him neither. His head will have a chance to cool. After a dose of Mayenne's purge he may recover of his fever for Mayenne's ward."

"Monsieur! You will send to monsieur?" "Of course. You will go. And Gilles with you to keep you out of mischief."

"When? Now?" "Now," said Vigo. "You will go clothe yourself in breeches first, else are you not likely to arrive anywhere but at the madhouse. And then eat your supper. It's a long road to St. Denis."

I ran at once, through a fusillade of jeers from soldiers, grooms and housemen, across the court, through the hall and up the stairs to Marcel's chamber. Never was I gladder of anything in my life than to doff those swaddling petticoats. Two minutes and I was a man again. I found it in my heart to pity the poor things who must wear the trappings their lives long.

But for all my joy in my freedom I choked over my supper and pushed it away half tasted, in misery over M. Etienne. Vigo might say comfortably that Mayenne dared not kill him, but I thought there were few things that gentleman dared not do. Then there was Lucas to be reckoned with. He had caught his fly in the web; he was not likely to let him go long unrevenged. At best, if M. Etienne's life were safe yet he was helpless, while to-morrow our mademoiselle was to marry. Vigo seemed to think that a blessing, but I was nigh to weeping into my soup. The one ray of light was that she was not to marry Lucas. That was something. Still, when M. Etienne came out of prison, if ever he did—I could scarce bring myself to believe it—he would find his dear vanished over the rocky Pyrenees.

Vigo would not even let me start when I was ready. Since we were too late to find the gates open we must wait till ten of the clock, at which hour the St. Denis gate would be in the hands of a certain Brissac, who would pass us with a wink at the word St. Quentin.

I was so wroth with Vigo that I would not stay with him, but went upstairs into M. Etienne's silent chamber and flung myself down on the window bench his head might never touch again, and wondered how he was faring in prison. I wished I were there with him. I cared not much what the plane was so long as we were together. I had gone down the mouth of hell smiling so he it went at his heels. Mayhap if I had struggled harder with my captors, shown my sex earlier, they had taken me too. Heartily I wished they had; I trow I am the only thing ever did wish himself behind bars. And promptly I repented me, for if Vigo had proved but a broken reed the e was monsieur. Monsieur was not likely to sit snug and declare prison the best place for his son.

The slow twilight faded altogether and the dark came. The city was very still. Once in a while a shout or a sound of bell was borne over the roofs,

infrequent voices and footsteps sounded in the street beyond our gate. The men in the court under my window were quiet too, talking among themselves without much raillery or laughter; I knew they discussed the unhappy plight of the heir of St. Quentin. The chimes had rung some time ago the half hour after nine, and I was flagging to be off, but huffed as I was with him I could not lower myself to go ask Vigo's leave to start. He might come after me when he wanted me.

"Felix! Felix!" Marcel shouted down the corridor. I sprang up; then, remembering my dignity, moved no further, but bade him come in to me.

"Where are you mooning in the dark?" he demanded, stumbling over the threshold. "Oh, there you are. Dame! you'd cor' downstairs mighty quick if you knew what was here for you?"

"What?" I cried, divided between the wild hope that it was monsieur and the wilder one that it was M. Etienne.

"Don't you wish I'd tell you? Well, you're a good boy and I will. It's the prettiest lass I've seen in a month of Sundays—you in your petticoats don't come near her."

"For me?" I stammered.

"Aye," she asked for M. le Duc, and when he wasn't here, for you. I suppose it's some friend of M. Etienne's."

I supposed so, indeed; I supposed it was the owner of my borrowed plumage come to claim her own, angry perhaps because I had not returned it to her. I wondered whether she would scratch my eyes out because I had lost the cap—whether I could find it if I went to look with a light. None too eagerly I descended to her.

She was standing against the wall in the archway. Two or three of the guardsmen were about her, one with a flambeau, by which they were all surveying her. She wore the colt and blouse, the black bodice and short striped skirt of the country peasant girl, and, like a country girl, she showed a face flushed and downcast under the soldiers' bold scrutiny. She looked up at me as at a rescuing angel. It was Mlle. de Montluc!

I dashed past the torchbearer, nearly upsetting him in my haste, and snatched her hand.

"Mademoiselle! Come into the house!" "Where is M. de St. Quentin?"

"At St. Denis."

"You must take me there to-night."

"I was going," I stammered, bewildered; "but you, mademoiselle!"

"You know of M. de Mar's arrest?"

"Aye."

"What colt is this, Felix?" demanded Vigo, coming up. He took the torch from his man and held it in mademoiselle's face, whereupon an amazing change came over his own. He lowered the light, shielding it with his hand, as if it were an imprudent eye.

"You are Vigo," she said at once.

"Yes; and I know not what noble lady mademoiselle can be, save—will it please her to come into the house?"

He led the way with his torch, not suffering himself to look at her again. He had his foot on the staircase when she called to him, as if she had been accustomed to addressing him all her life: "Vigo, this will do. I will speak to you here."

(To Be Continued.)

"The Masquerader," by Katherine Cecil Thurston, author of "The Gambler," will follow "The Helmet of Navarre," on May 10, in The Evening World.